

A Second Hetty Green---A Woman With \$60,000,000 to Manage

Mrs. Annie Weightman Walker Becomes Manager of the Firm Headed By Her Late Father, a Philadelphia Multimillionaire.

POINTS OF SIMILARITY BETWEEN MRS. WALKER AND MRS. GREEN

Each of these rich women is sixty years old.
Fortune of each is \$60,000,000.
Each generous to charitable institutions.
Each endowed with "horse" sense.
Each pays close attention to business.
Each inherited wealth from father.

A SECOND Hetty Green has dawned upon the horizon of the American business world---Mrs. Annie Weightman Walker, of Philadelphia. No longer does the famous New York millionaire and business woman stand alone among the giant financiers of the western hemisphere the only one of her sex. By the recent death of her father, William Weightman, the great manufacturing chemist, Mrs. Walker has come into a fortune roughly estimated at \$60,000,000. This vast heritage carries with it the duties of the head of the firm of Powers & Weightman, manufacturing chemists, and it is in the performance of those duties that Mrs. Walker is proving herself that "eighth wonder of the world," a successful business woman.

There are several points of similarity between these remarkable women. Mrs. Green is sixty years old, so is Mrs. Walker. Mrs. Green's fortune is said to be about \$60,000,000, this is the estimate put upon that of Mrs. Walker; both women are generous to charitable institutions, as many an organization in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia can testify; Mrs. Walker's fortune came to her from her father, the same is true in large part of Mrs. Green, though she has, to be sure, added wonderfully to the \$6,000,000, which was her original inheritance. Here, however, the similarity ceases except for the fact that both women are endowed with a large share of common "horse" sense. Mrs. Green keeps her living expenses within the \$5,000 limit each year, while the Philadelphia heiress keeps up a handsome house, on Walnut Street in Philadelphia, a beautiful country place at Germantown, and a luxurious suite of rooms in a fashionable New York apartment house, maintaining two sets of servants, one in Philadelphia and another in New York. Mrs. Green's costliest city conveyance is a street car, and she has the reputation of being as frugal as Russell Sage, but Mrs. Walker goes every morning to her office in an electric motor car of her own. While Mrs. Green has increased her fortune largely through business operations in Wall Street and a large part of her holdings is in stocks, on the other hand Mrs. Walker's fortune is almost entirely in real estate.

Wealth Has Its Drawbacks.

Leading the quiet life of a recently bereaved widow, Mrs. Walker has found herself suddenly thrust into that searching limelight which is constantly focused upon the plutocracy of the United States. What she wears, how she occupies her time from the hour she arises until she goes to bed, what flowers she fancies, even what she eats, have become matters of vital interest to the American public. Resent by "camera fiends" until it has been necessary to summon the police to enable her to peacefully quit her house in Philadelphia, petitioned for financial aid by every known kind of crank and beggar, Mrs. Walker has not found the change altogether a pleasant one.

The quantity of her daily mail, both at her residence and office, has become so enormous that she employs several assistants to aid her in wading through it. To undertake to read these through, much less answer them, would be a physical impossibility, considering her multitudinous business cares. Many of them are obviously unworthy of a reply, as a glance at the first few lines discloses. One of these, which reached her yesterday, was from a young man who began by describing his own personal attractions. His eyes were "a deep blue," he wrote, his hair was "golden" and he had "a voice which all the girls of his acquaintance admired." That was enough. Whether he ended by making a proposal of marriage, or only wanted Mrs. Walker to send him abroad to have his voice cultivated, will never be known, save by the writer. The person who opened the letter for its recipient destroyed and consigned it to the waste-basket, unread.

Mrs. Walker Cares for Poor.

One of Mrs. Walker's first acts, upon assuming charge of her father's business after his death, was to order the continuance of the charity bureau, which William Weightman had many years sustained. Through this bureau, which has been in existence twenty years, a sum which would be regarded by many as a fortune in itself, has annually been disbursed to the worthy poor. No one receives aid, however, until their case has been carefully investigated. This is done by a person specially employed for the purpose. When found deserving, the applicants are furnished with food, clothing,

money, etc., according to the exigencies of the case.

Her Personality.

Although Mrs. Walker is about sixty years old, she looks twenty years younger. Her quiet, philosophical temperament, in which reason seems always to have held sway, has preserved her youthful appearance. She is of medium height, or a little under, with a good figure and graceful carriage. Her head is crowned with a mass of beautiful auburn hair. Her eyes---she uses glasses occasionally---are brown, neither large nor small, but very bright. She seems to listen with her eyes. She fixes them attentively upon one addressing her as though using them as an adjunct in seeking to fathom as quickly as possible the full meaning of what is being said. She is a good listener and not much of a talker, where business is concerned. When she speaks she speaks to the point, deliberately, decisively.

Yet she is an accomplished linguist. She speaks French and German as well as English, and has some knowledge of Italian. She has traveled much abroad and has seen much of society, although her tastes do not incline specially that way. She seems fully to appreciate the value of time, as though wanting to make good use of every moment.

There is not a shadow of affectation about her. She impresses one as a woman who is eminently endowed with that somewhat prosaic but most useful quality---common sense. Her dress, voice, and manner confirm this impression. Even before she put on mourning apparel she generally wore dark, plain gowns. Black is her favorite color. Her only jewelry is a plain gold wedding ring, an eyeglass chain, and a chain attached to her watch, which she wears in her belt. She has a long, thin nose and thin lips, which, when parted, reveal even teeth.

A Woman Rightly Rich.

Mrs. Walker seems to have been endowed by nature with qualities which specially fit her to be the possessor of great wealth, and these have been added to by training under her father's guidance. Along with the vast holdings of real estate in this and other cities, there has fallen upon her shoulders the management of two manufacturing establishments, where she is the employer of 700 men and women. Her devotion to business would put many men to shame. She spares herself in no wise and has at her fingers' ends, so to speak, a thorough knowledge of the entire economy of the big plants at Ninth and Fifth Streets and the Falls of Schuylkill, respectively.

Business Receives Strict Attention.

Since the first of this year, when her father made her a member of the firm, Mrs. Walker has been going to the office of Powers & Weightman every morning when in Philadelphia. She generally arrives there in an electric carriage shortly after 8 o'clock, and goes immediately to the office formerly occupied by her father. There she receives reports from the heads of departments and issues orders. In this, of course, she is guided by the suggestions of those in charge, of the various trusted employees holding the most responsible positions. But she does nothing without understanding the reason---and she is quick to perceive.

Just outside her sanctum a small army of clerks, seated on high stools before high, old-fashioned office desks, occupy the L-shaped room. There is a businesslike air in the atmosphere. No desultory conversation is heard, no unnecessary talk. Each clerk attends strictly to business. The spirit of William Weightman, who trained his employees by the force of his example, broods over the place. Mr. Weightman worked as hard as any of his assistants. His daughter follows his example. Till 1 o'clock---sometimes later---she remains at her desk.

Mrs. Walker at Home.

Her home life is simple. She rises and breakfasts early. Her afternoons are largely spent in the house, where sometimes it is necessary to give a portion of the time to business. Being in mourning, she has now no social obligations commonly so-called. She receives few callers besides members of her family, intimate friends and those with whom she has engagements. Her residence, 1336 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, is a handsome double edifice with a gray granite base, a brownstone front to the top of the first story and Pompeian brick above. It was formerly plain, somewhat old-fashioned building of red brick, once occupied by John Wanamaker, from whom Mr. Walker purchased it. Along with the adjoining house, No. 1338, it was bequeathed to Mrs. Walker by her husband. The two properties are assessed at \$345,000.

Mrs. Walker's home is luxuriously furnished throughout. Oriental rugs are spread on the floors; valuable paintings, engravings, and etchings hang on the walls. Rare and costly objects---bric-a-brac which the mistress of the mansion has picked up during her travels in various foreign countries---adorn the cabinets. There is a soothing air of subdued richness within that bespeaks the refinement and good taste of the occupants. A dozen servants minister to Mrs. Walker's wants.

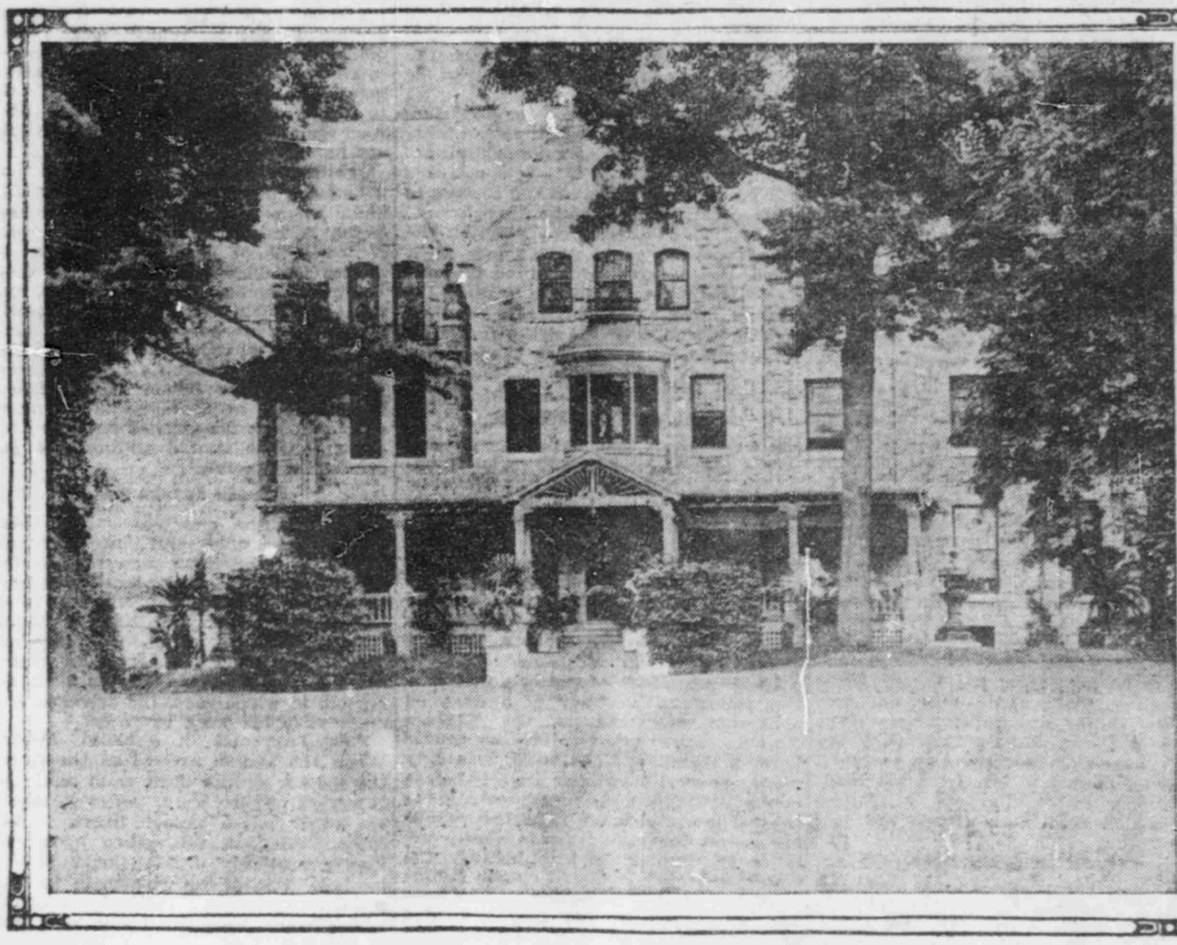
Sorrow Has Laid Its Hand Upon Her.

Sorrow has laid its hand upon her. Blessed all her days with an abundance of this world's goods, Mrs. Walker's life has not been without sorrow. First, a lingering illness afflicted her only and greatly beloved son in his young manhood. All that wealth could procure was employed to restore him to health. Day by day his mother watched him with the tender love that



MRS. ANNIE WEIGHTMAN WALKER.

The Philadelphia Heiress Who Is Showing What a Woman Can Do in Carrying on Successfully a Great Business.



"Ravenhill," the Country Home of Mrs. Walker.

only a mother knows. She traveled abroad with him; the most expert medical skill was summoned to his aid, but in vain. His condition improved but his, but his delicate constitution caused him at length to succumb to typhoid.

Other griefs were the deaths of her two brothers and the prolonged illness and death of her husband. For five years he was an invalid, till death came to his relief last December. Bereft of husband and son, she has lived since then a most retired life, devoting herself almost exclusively to her aged father and his vast business interests.

To those who know the close relations which existed between the non-gregarious manufacturing chemist and his only daughter there was no surprise in the fact that he made her the sole heir of his millions. She was the staff and comfort of his old age---the one best qualified to continue the work of the firm to which he had given a life service. She helped him bear his burdens; she lifted a load of business from his shoulders. Her husband had been her father's partner. William Weightman had intended that Mr. Walker should continue the business. His death blighted that hope, and thereafter Mrs. Walker became the natural successor.

Born in Quaker Town.

Annie Maria Weightman was born in Philadelphia, at 709 Franklin Street. It was not a fashionable section of the city, but the residential quarter of many of the Quaker City's substantial and most highly respected citizens. Some of the families now living on Walnut and Spruce Streets, or their relatives, lived in that quarter, which, before the consolidation of the city of Philadelphia, was known as the district of Spring Garden. It was largely the abode of Quakers. The houses were plain and dignified, and present nowadays a certain quaintness because of their staid, somewhat severe, old-fashioned plain-

ness that was typical of the people who dwelt in them. They had uniformly red brick fronts, with white shutters and doors on the first story, and green blinds above. It was just such a neighborhood as would have appealed to William Weightman, with his simple, unpretentious tastes.

Marries a Harvard Man.

Miss Weightman was educated in a private school in New England. On April 8, 1862, she was married in Philadelphia to Robert Jarvis Cochran Walker, a young Philadelphia lawyer. Mr. Walker was a native of Chester county, in this State, and was descended from the Cochrans, of Cochrantown, where they had settled in Colonial days. He was educated at East Hampton and Cambridge, Mass., and received the degree of LL. B. from Harvard in 1888. Mr. Walker confined himself chiefly to office practice, and the settlement of estates. He took an interest in civic affairs, and served two terms each as a school director and member of council. While a member of the latter body he was made chairman of its committee on finance and a member of the public buildings commission. He resigned these positions on account of the illness of his son, William Weightman Walker, who was taken by his parents to Europe, where they spent two years in travel. Returning to this country in 1874, Mr. Walker became the publisher of the "Saturday Evening Post."

Mrs. Walker in Washington.

Mr. Walker had many lumber and other interests in Williamsport, Pa., and the condition of his affairs there became such that in 1878 he got his son-in-law, Mr. Walker, to go there to assume direction of them. Mr. Walker was exceedingly popular---everyone liked him. It is said he always had a kind word for everyone he met. Mrs. Walker went to reside with him in Williamsport, where she soon made many friends. They had

lived there but two years when the Republicans of the Lycoming district elected Mr. Walker Representative to the Forty-seventh Congress.

Washingtonians of twenty-five years standing or more may remember Mrs. Walker as a charming hostess in her home here in 1881. But while she gave large and brilliant entertainments she was not enamored of society. At the expiration of her husband's term of office they returned to Williamsport, where they lived until 1890.

A Catholic Convert.

Although reared in the Protestant Episcopal faith, Mrs. Walker is now a member of the Catholic church. Her son, some time before his death, was of the first to change his religion. He was a student of habits and became interested in the study of creeds. Mrs. Walker was resolved into the Catholic church about twelve years ago in New York city. Her husband, before his death, followed her example.

As in everything else, Mrs. Walker's religion is devoid of all ostentation, but she is a devout Catholic, and has given generously to that church.

Mrs. Walker's Family.

Mrs. Walker's elder brother, John Farr Weightman, married Martha Thomas Rogers, and left two sons, Malcolm Rogers Weightman and Aubrey H. Weightman. Malcolm died in 1902, leaving a son, William Weightman III, a lad of about ten years. Aubrey H. Weightman is still living.

Her other brother, William Weightman, Jr., married Sabina d'Inverness, and left six children, all daughters. Of these, Marie Louise, the eldest, married Dr. Randolph Faries, who died in 1888, leaving three children, all of whom are still living. The second daughter of William Weightman, Jr., Anne Walker Weightman, was married to Richard Wain Meigs, and has three children. The

Proving Herself to Be That Eighth Wonder of the World, a Successful Business Woman, With a Large Share of Common Sense.

POINTS OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MRS. WALKER AND MRS. GREEN

Mrs. Walker has luxurious tastes.
Owns handsome house and country place.
Goes to her office in automobile.
Mrs. Green lives within \$5,000 a year.
Has reputation for extreme frugality.
Costliest conveyance is a street car.

third daughter, Bertha C. Weightman, was married to Dr. Nathaniel R. Norton, and the fourth, Louisa S., to John Strawbridge, a son of Dr. George Strawbridge.

The two youngest daughters, Ethel d'Inverness Weightman and Martha R. Weightman, are still unmarried.

Grandchildren Not Disinherited.

It is said on good authority that William Weightman's grandchildren have not been disinherited; that each of them has had or will have at least \$100,000 out of a trust fund of \$800,000 set aside by Mr. Weightman some years ago. A deed of trust was executed by Mr. Weightman at the time and eight beneficiaries were named in the instrument. Two have since died.

Besides his holdings in this city, Mrs. Walker's father owned very valuable real estate in St. Louis, Milwaukee, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Wilmington, Del., and Cape May. These aggregate more than four hundred properties. Outside of a trust company and a national bank, of which he was a director, none of his money was in stocks. At such times when he could not advantageously put his money in real estate or mortgages he invested in bonds. He was not a speculator. He never sold anything. His money once invested, it remained invested. At the time of his death he was still the owner of the house in which his daughter was born, sixty years before, although he had not resided there for many years.

Odd Types on an Ocean Liner; Characters Met on One Trip

THE delinquent passenger is born late. He comes into the world in the last minute of the last hour of the last day of the year.

A little more and he wouldn't be born at all. He's never on time. He'd make a rank failure as the leader of an orchestra. A leader has to beat time. This man can't even catch up with it. He'll be late so long as he lives; in all probability he'll die late.

If he doesn't expire of criminal longevity before the end of the roll is called some one will have to hit him on the head to bring him in on time for the resurrection.

The seasick passenger tramps about deck the first day like a left-handed girl with an engagement ring, consumes one cigar after another, gives way to airy perfidies when he's not humming softly to himself and looks generally as if he had a joke on somebody.

Seasickness His Theme.

He talks about seasickness the way a confirmed bachelor speaks of marriage. At his first dinner he doesn't renig one---goes through from soup to nuts---after which he again repairs to the deck. The following day he reclines in his chair and doesn't say a word.

Cigars are pleasures of the past. He has lost all the old-time vivacity everyone admired so much and instead assumed the quiet, far-away expression of a stuffed weasel. He doesn't look ripe; seems to be thinking over his past life. When no one looks he staggers to a sequestered portion of the rail, supports his head on his hands and peers long and earnestly into the yeast of waves, as if trying to fathom the caverns of the ocean.

Takes All Remedies.

When he resumes his seat he doesn't seem to give one single, solitaryinker's dam about urms or animated busts or loving herbs winding slowly o'er the lea. But he isn't sick. It's a bad attack of housemaid's knee. A friend says some cracked wheat, soaked in water and a glass of champagne will tone him up in jig time. Another friend says brandy and soda. Somebody else suggests Jamaica ginger.

The victim takes them as they are mooted. When finally he takes a few drops of camphor in a glass of water he ceases to groan and lies back with closed eyes waiting for the firmament to roll up like a scroll.

The affable passenger has his own troubles. He is introduced to the pretty girl who wears lead in the bottom of her skirt. Her mother chances along and the affable passenger refers to her as "Grandma." No offense is intended, wherefore none is taken.

Then he falls to criticizing the ship. Says it's a cross between a wet bathhouse and a small room on the top floor of a summer hotel. Says the man who stands on the ship's deck and looks down the River Styx. The pretty girl with the lead in her skirt smiles at this, and, dimpling all over, says:

"Pah-Pah Built It."

"Dear pah-pah built this ship. I'm sorry you don't like it." The affable passenger swears gently, but firmly to himself and begs the pretty girl not to mind him. He says he's suffering from insomnia. It develops that the occupant of the stateroom adjoining his snores like one possessed.

"I don't see how that man gets any rest," he says. "If I snored like that I'd keep my feet awake all night. The number of my room? No. 7."

Then the pretty girl stops smiling and her mother draws herself up to a dignified height.

"Sir," she says, "my daughter and I occupy room No. 7."

The affable passenger rises quickly, excuses himself by saying there's a man waiting for him and then disappears into the smoking room.

The nervous passenger is a wart on the face of nature. He shares the stateroom of a man who never had a nerve in his life. He wouldn't know a nerve if he met one face to face on the street. The third night out the nervous passenger awakes with a start and cries out loudly that the ship is sinking.

"Sam!" he shouts. "The ship is going down and I can't find the electric light!"

Sam awakes, gives expression to his outraged feelings, says things about the nervous passenger that includes his crotchets, his descendants and all his seed, after which Sam turns over with a grunt and goes to sleep. Meantime

the nervous passenger is trying to dress in the dark. If he has to go to the bottom he wants to go fully dressed. Suddenly he stops.

"Hey!" he yells. "Hey, Sam! somebody's broke in here and cut the legs out of my trousers---my gray trousers. They had legs in them when I took them off last night and now---"

Sam sits up, reaches over, turns on the electric light and there stands the nervous passenger in the middle of the floor trying for dear life to get his legs into the armholes of his vest. He tells Sam if he keeps it quiet he'll pay his expenses in Paris.

Not Easy to Be Gallant.

The gallant passenger has intentions of the best. Everybody hates a man whose intentions are of the best, and there is a certain place paved with such intentions. The gallant passenger comes up from a late breakfast to the library, selects the third volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution" and is wending his way to a corner seat when a huge sea crashes aboard. Everyone reaches for support. The gallant passenger lays hold of the back of a reversible settee. Ten seconds later he and Carlyle are perched on the gable end of a fat woman's lap.

He apologizes and then hastens to the aid of the fluffy-haired girl, who seems to be in trouble. He is just bending over and asking her where she feels the pain most, when the noble ship gives a glorious lurch. The gallant passenger rises five feet into the air and lands on the far side of the room directly under a picture of Moses in the bulrushes.

Girl With Fluffy Hair.

The girl with the fluffy hair says she wouldn't have missed traveling on the same ship with the gallant passenger for worlds.

The observing passenger sees more things than a man with the delirium tremens. He waits until everyone is comfortably seated at luncheon. Then he comes flying down sticks his head into the saloon and yells:

"Whale! whale! Hey! there's a whale out here! Come on up and look at him!"

The entire saloon rushes up in a body. When it gets on deck there's not a thing to be seen. A vagrant breeze is ruffling the sea, and the sunlight burns away to a turquoise ribbon of mist.

"Maybe, he's gone down to get a drink," says the observing passenger, doubtfully. "Wait a minute he'll be up."

But nobody waits, and for the rest of the trip the observing passenger wonders why he's disliked.

Trouble for Fat Man.

The fat passenger has a double chin, and a happy knack of getting into the wrong stateroom. The pretty girl who has secured her stateroom months ahead is laboring under the delusion that she has been abused, misused and done a disservice. The second day out she is endeavoring to make her toilet, is experiencing difficulties and proceeding miserably. Her hairpins have become beautifully mixed in those humble and careless curls of hers and while both hands are busy straightening out the tangle the ship pitches and many things happen. Her powder goes into the washstand, her steamer trunk falls out of the upper berth with a horrible crash, she steps on her own feet and the room looks as if it had been hit by the tail of a southwestern cyclone.

Just at the height of the trouble the fat passenger cautiously opens the door, peers in and asks the pretty girl if she'll excuse him. The pretty girl screams and the fat passenger retreats.

He gives up all hope of ever getting his own stateroom, rather desperately rushes on deck and flops down so heavily on somebody else's steamer chair that the seat gives way. The owner of the chair comes along and says things to the fat passenger that eternally shatter the pleasant memories of a well-spent life.

AFTERTHOUGHTS OF HIS'ORY.

Erostratus had set fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

"What did you do it for?" asked the policeman, as they collared him.

"I wanted to see the Fire Department make a run!" he faltered.

Afterward, however, when they put him in the sweatbox it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to make a play for fame, and he stuffed the quillors with the story that has come down through the ages---Chicago Tribune.